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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and householders' particulars. Receiving so many householders in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 6 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Free-lance copyists and artists are invited to send their contributions by addressing the publisher.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was quite a busy one, there being several bids to be opened in response to advertisements, and there also being a lively discussion about the right of the board to appoint standing committees.

The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved. A communication from James R. Crowley, chief of police, asking that his salary be restored to \$1700, was received and referred to the city solicitor to learn what the powers of the board were in the case.

Alderman Mahoney suggested that the board would have a better knowledge of the city affairs if the members were divided up into permanent committees on each department. Mayor Boyle declared that the board was in close touch with all departments and that he had thorough knowledge of what was going on. There was a question also as to the legality of appointing such standing committees, and it was voted that the city solicitor should give an opinion on the question at the next meeting of the board.

A number of minor licenses were granted. Inspector Tobin was present to make complaint against certain junk dealers who had not taken out shop licenses, working simply under their gatherers' licenses. The board voted to revoke the gatherers' licenses held by these men.

Bids for coal and forage were opened, and the contracts were awarded as follows: Coal for City Hall, Newport Coal Company; coal for highway department, Perry Coal Co.; wood for highway department, J. D. Johnston; coal for overcoats of the poor, Newport Coal Co.; furnishing gravel, N. K. Sullivan; carting gravel, M. E. Sullivan; forage for highway department and fire department, J. G. Stevens.

The question of the extension of West Narragansett avenue was continued for one week.

Revenue Cutter for Newport.

Through the efforts of Senator George Peabody Wetmore a bill has been passed by the United States Senate making an appropriation of \$225,000 for the construction and equipment of a revenue cutter to be stationed in Narragansett Bay. If the House concurs in the passage of the bill, as it probably will do, the sum will become immediately available for the purpose and within a few months Newport will be the station of a fine sea-going revenue cutter. Senator Wetmore has been working on this matter for several years, but it has been found impossible of accomplishment up to the present time. It is hoped that this time it may succeed.

The necessity for a powerful vessel in this locality has been emphasized many times in the past. There are many vessels that get into trouble off this port and word can be sent to the Torpedo Station here by wireless but unless some sea-going tug happens to be in port there is nothing here to be sent to their aid. A revenue cutter at Newport will be of inestimable value to shipping along this coast.

Young Men's Republican Club.

The annual meeting of the Young Men's Republican Club was held on Monday evening with a good attendance of members. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the organization to be in a very healthy and flourishing condition and were very gratifying to the members. It was decided that at the next meeting of the club there should be a collection and program of speaking by members of the club.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—Col. Edward A. Sherman.
Vice President—William R. Harvey.
Secretary—George H. Draper.
Treasurer—Willard L. Pike.

As the new president was out of town, the appointment of committees was not announced.

Mr. William R. Harvey, who has been vice president of the club for two years, was nominated for president but withdrew his name in favor of Col. Sherman.

St. Paul's Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

The annual election of officers took place Tuesday evening with the following result:

Worshipful Master—Henry H. Lawton.
Senior Warden—Charles L. Adams.
Junior Warden—Baldy E. Jacobeller.
Treasurer—William J. Corzani.
Secretary—W. Thatcher T. Fowler.
Chaplain—Rev. William B. Jones.
Senior Steward—Harry J. Lockwood.
Junior Steward—Charles H. Genterling.
Music Director—Alexander J. Maciver.
Musical Director—Henry Stuart Handy.
Herald—John A. Edwards.
Sentinel—William E. Clarke.
Tiler—William H. Durfee.

The election was presided over and the officers installed by R. W. Reuben B. Bemis of Providence, assisted by W. Charles J. Whelden also of Providence. An elegant solid gold past master's jewel was presented to the retiring past master, W. Clark Burdick. A supper was served.

There has been introduced in the United States Senate a bill to pay A. G. Vanderbilt \$265.47 for damages to the yacht Caprice sustained in a collision with a naval barge in Newport harbor on May 31, 1907, and to pay George Bellas of Newport \$28.25 for damages sustained in a collision between his sailing skiff and the United States tug Chickasaw in Newport harbor July 18, 1907. These items are part of a general bill to reimburse claimants for various damages.

Mr. Belle Jacobs, who died in Denver this week, was a sister of Mrs. J. A. Jacobs of this city. She was in Newport a couple of weeks before her death and made many friends here who were greatly shocked to learn of her sudden death. She was in her usual health when she left Newport.

The Hatchet Club entertained its friends at a ladies' night in the club rooms on Wednesday evening. An enjoyable program of music and reading was given and an excellent collation was served. The club quarters were attractively decorated with palms and potted plants.

The old Maitland place is one of the busiest places in Newport just now, a large force of men and wagons being engaged in the work of excavating for the new naval hospital to be erected there. There is not a great deal of frost in the ground and the work is going on rapidly.

Mr. John Treys is ill at his home on Church Street, having been found in an unconscious condition by Mrs. Treys early Wednesday morning. He is gradually improving however.

Cornelius W. R. Callahan has been re-appointed deputy city clerk. Mr. Callahan has made a good official and his re-appointment was expected.

Mrs. Samuel I. Carr has been confined to her home on Third street by illness.

Minneola Council, D. of P.

The annual raising up of chiefs by Minneola Council, No. 3, Degree of Pochontia, took place in the Builders and Merchants Hall Tuesday evening. A delegation of the big chiefs, from up the state, headed by Great Sachem Walter Carpenter, of Pawtucket, presided over the meeting. The Great Sachem was accompanied by Great Prophet Frank Pearce and Great Bishop Clarence Briggs, of Pawtucket, Great Chief of Records Lewis I. Stevens of Valley Falls, and Great Representative G. Harry Brown of this city. The wives of the chiefs accompanied them on this visit.

At the close of the meeting whilst and dancing followed, a large crowd having gathered in the hall for this part of the evening's enjoyment. There were 20 tables at which and at eleven o'clock when the last band was called the two highest scores were awarded to Mrs. Clarence Briggs of Pawtucket (one of the visitors), and Mr. B. Everett Westall, Jr. A collation and dancing followed.

On February 22nd the council will give a subscription masquerade ball. The following are the officers for the ensuing term:

Pochontia—Mrs. Cora B. Schuelder.
Wecouch—Mrs. Edna Bechler.
Prophetess—Mrs. Ida Matley.
Powhatan—Robert G. Foster.
Chief of Records—Mrs. L. M. Biowley.
Collector of Wampum—Miss Mary G. Goldard.
Keeper of Wampum—Miss Anna R. Frueh.
Scouts—Mrs. Hannah Brown, Mrs. Margaret Ward.
Runners—Mrs. Alice Davis, Miss Anna Conkey.
Warriors—Miss Grace Ross, Mrs. Winifred Wood, Miss Julia Weaver, Mrs. Mabel Dawley.
Councilors—Mrs. Fanny Wilson, Mrs. Alice M. O'Connell.
Pow-Wows—Mrs. Sadie Hamilton, Mrs. Abby Edgar.
Junior Guard—Mrs. Mary Rugg.
Outer Guard—Mrs. Amey Lucas.
Trustee, for three years—Frank G. Scott.

It has been found that "Shamrock Cliff," the handsome residence of Mr. G. M. Hutton of Baltimore, has been broken into recently, and thoroughly ransacked. Everything was overturned and some damage was done by the intruder. The amount of loss cannot be determined until the inventory is made up.

Mr. John W. Olsson, a former resident of Newport, died in Chicago on Monday. He married the widow of Christopher Barker of this city. He served in the Fourth Rhode Island during the Civil War.

The Newport Dry Goods Store was entered Wednesday night by breaking out a window, and a small amount of change was taken. The police believe they are on the trail of the intruder.

The condition of Mrs. W. Murley Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin, is reported as very serious. She has been ill at her parents' home on John street for several weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Cooper have been in Westerly the past week, attending the funeral of Mr. Robert Scott, brother-in-law of Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has been in the city the past week, inspecting "The Breakers."

Mrs. Mauden J. Perry was in the city the past week inspecting her estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett J. Kirwin have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe have gone to southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., have returned from New York.

Rear Admiral Stephen H. Luce was in Boston the past week.

Mr. John W. Covell is on a visit to the West Indies.

Recent Deaths.

William S. Wilcox, a Newport man who has had an eventful life, died at Unalaklan, Hawaii, on January 4, in his sixty-sixth year. He was a son of Robert and Hannah Wilcox of Portsmouth, but was born in Newport, and spent his boyhood days in this vicinity.

While a young man he decided to follow the sea for a profession and made several long voyages. He finally went out as mate on a vessel under Captain "Joe" Sherman on a long voyage around the Horn. Captain Sherman had quite a reputation as a mariner and when the vessel arrived at the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Wilcox decided that he would not continue his voyage any further. The late Charles Stanhope of this city was a member of the same crew and used to tell many interesting tales of the trip and the disappearance of Wilcox at the islands.

This vessel was one of the very few American ships that had voyaged to the islands at that early date, that country then being almost unknown.

Wilcox became entranced with the place and settled down there, marrying a native woman closely allied with the ruling family. From that time on he and his descendants played an important part in Hawaiian affairs and assisted in bringing the country to its present state of civilization.

By the marriage with his Hawaiian wife, Mr. Wilcox had two sons, both of whom afterward attained much prominence in international affairs. One son, Robert W. Wilcox, married an Italian princess and took an active part in governmental affairs in the islands. He was engaged in revolutionary against the government then in power, and was at one time under sentence of death, with the date for his execution set, but was pardoned. He was, after the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, a delegate from that territory to Congress. He died a few years ago. Another son, Charles Wilcox, is a prominent engineer in the service of the government in Hawaii. He has paid several visits to Newport.

Mr. William S. Wilcox has been in Newport a number of times since his death. He was a frequent caller at the Mercury Office, and kept us constantly informed of the steps that were being taken to secure a pardon.

Mr. Wilcox was a man of much intelligence and an interesting conversationalist. He could tell in an interesting manner of the many places that he had seen and the adventures that he had passed through in his long and diversified career. He took a deep interest in all that pertained to Newport and never forgot his native place after adopting his home in the far Pacific.

Mrs. Robert M. Franklin.

Mrs. Robert Melville Franklin died at her home on Spring street on Tuesday morning from causes incident to old age, being in her ninety-third year. Although advancing years had impaired her strength, she had apparently been as well as usual, and her death came very suddenly.

Mrs. Ruth Melville (Burker) Franklin was the widow of the late Robert M. Franklin, and the mother of Hon. Robert S. Franklin and Mr. William B. Franklin. She was born in Newport on July 27, 1817, and was descended from some of the early settlers of the island. She was baptized in the Second Baptist Church in 1832 and later became a consistent member of the Central Baptist Church which was afterward merged with the Second Baptist.

She was a woman of high Christian character and was esteemed by all who knew her.

William H. Lewis.

Mr. William H. Lewis died in Taunton on Sunday, aged 62 years. He was a native of Newport, but left this city when he was a young man and went to Taunton where he learned the carpenter's trade, and for a number of years conducted a lumber yard in that city, under the firm name of Lewis & More. For 17 years he was connected with the Taunton Lumber Company. The last few years of his life he was associated in the lumber business in Brockton.

Mr. Lewis had been in poor health for a number of years. Besides his widow two brothers, Messrs. George Lewis of this city and Charles Lewis of Brockton, survive him; also a sister, who resides in Fitchburg.

Mrs. George Denniston.

Mrs. George Denniston died at her residence on John street on Tuesday evening, after being in failing health for a long time. She was the widow of the late George Denniston and sister of Rev. Thomas P. Grace of Providence, and of the late Rev. Philip Grace

who was for many years the beloved pastor of St. Mary's Church of this city.

Mrs. Denniston was a woman of exemplary Christian character, and as long as her health permitted was an active worker in St. Mary's Church. She was of a very charitable disposition and accomplished a great deal of good among the needy of the city.

Middletown.

Had it not been for the telephone, Mr. Robert Ellish Grinnell would, without doubt, have lost not only his house but his entire belongings by fire on Saturday. The residence on Indian avenue is in an unfrequented part of the town with few neighbors and Mr. Grinnell was away. After a diligent search for smoke, for which Mr. Grinnell could not account, she attempted to go down cellar soon after 9 a. m. and was met by a furious burst of smoke. Closing the door instantly she rushed to the telephone, and those whom she notified spread the news widely.

By 11 a. m. at home in the vicinity, gave generous aid at once. The workmen at Madam Bonat's summer place, who Mr. Deunle J. Murphy, brought hand grenades and fire extinguishers which did excellent service. The cellar was found to be a roaring furnace when entered by a small cellar window and here a large volume of water was directed aided by a hand to hand bucket brigade. Some 12 or 14 inches of water was found afterwards in the cellar which they were obliged to use over on account of having used nearly all in the cellar.

In the meantime the neighbors upstairs were fighting the fire between the walls and under the ground floor, and by 11 a. m. smoke, everything movable in the house was taken out including doors and windows. So saturated with smoke was the entire house that it oozed out from around every shingle, and for some time all thought the house must go.

Fearing the barn might catch alight everything was set out on the lawn in the rain. The four young children took severe cold from the exposure. The fire was extinguished about 8 p. m. and later the household goods were removed to the home of Mr. Grinnell's mother on Vaucluse avenue, where the family will remain for the present. The house was insured by Mr. William E. Brightman, of Newport. The damage is likely to be in the vicinity of a thousand dollars.

The damage however included but three rooms upstairs, two on the ground floor and the hall way. The bay-window was completely wrecked, also a portion of the floor around it where the ends of the beams were burned off and places on the outside of the house were burned through. Much damage was done to the furniture, house fittings, and clothing, some of the former being injured and the latter saturated with water and spattered with mud.

Rev. Samuel Drury, rector of St. Stephens Church, Boston, will preach Sunday morning, September 28th, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

An enjoyable evening was spent Wednesday by some 80 members of the Epworth League at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham, off Wapping road. The program, under the direction of Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham, dept. of Social work, included "Progressive Puzzles" and a fine program of music, both local and instrumental.

The postponed "old-fashioned dance," delayed by bad weather, is to be held Friday evening of this week at the Berkeley Parish House under the auspices of the Men's Club. Ash Wednesday, February 9th, will close social events at this hall until after Lent.

Mr. Frank E. Marchant of West Kingston, Master of the R. I. State Grange, installed the officers for 1910 at Aquidneck Grange Thursday evening, at their regular meeting at the Town Hall. The various department committees of the year were appointed by Worshipful Master N. Horace Peckham and an entertaining program was provided by the new lecturer, Mr. Charles H. Ward, which included addresses upon the following subjects: Our Order, Its Early Days and Growth, by Mr. Marchant; The Newport County Pomona Grange, by Worshipful Overseer Joseph A. Peckham; The Early Days of Aquidneck Grange, by Mrs. Eliza Clarke Peckham, who was a charter member and has been the Chaplain of this Grange for a number of years. Light refreshments were served by the Feast Committee. At the February meeting, the lecturer expects to call upon each member for short anecdotes of Lincoln.

A woman named Miss Katherine Driscoll, of Roxbury, Mass., is supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from the steamer Providence about 10 o'clock Tuesday night soon after the steamer left Newport on its way to New York. She was accompanied on her trip to New York by her sister who immediately reported her disappearance to the captain. A careful search was made but she could not be found, and it was supposed that she jumped overboard. She was 35 years of age.

St. Andrew's Society observed the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns on Thursday evening by a concert and ball at Masonic Hall. There was a large attendance. Rev. James Alexander of Boston made the principal address of the evening, being introduced by Mr. Robert Frame. An interesting programme of music and reading was given, and dancing followed until a late hour.

Secretary Jackson and his delegation of boys from the Young Men's Christian Association left early Friday morning for Holyoke.

Local Matters.

Joe Lincoln Stories.

In this issue we begin the publication of a splendid series of short stories by Joe Lincoln, one of the most interesting writers of the present day. They are not blood-curdling tales of adventure in the wild west, but they are comfortable and readable tales of the "Old Home House" down on the Cape, and deal with Seth Wlucgate and Jonsdab and Peter T. Brown, characters made famous by Joe Lincoln. They are, some of them, screamingly funny, but with a vein of seriousness and knowledge of human nature running through them all. Don't miss this series; you will be all the better equipped for your work after you have read them. Remember there will be ten more after the one in this issue, and each will be published complete in one number.

Another bad check operator has been conducting profitable operations in Newport. This time the schemer posed as a wealthy yachtsman who was preparing to go South for the winter. His scheme was to bribe goods for his yacht, pay for them, let a bogus check considerably larger than the bill, ask for a small amount in cash and leave the balance on deposit to be traded out as he needed more supplies. The check came back in due time with the somewhat familiar stamp, "no funds." But it was really a clever game and was skillfully carried through.

The energetic campaign being waged for larger membership by the Young Men's Christian Association is bearing fruit. The boys' department in particular has been bustling, the two teams of red and blue having brought in many new members with the hours all in favor of the blues. Many adult members have also been secured.

Colonel Lawrence Rhodes, son of the late Benjamin Hurd Rhodes who was for many years librarian of Redwood Library, died at the Soldiers Home in Bristol on Tuesday. He lived in Newport during his early life and was well known to many of the older residents. He did distinguished service during the Civil War.

Rev. Ralph B. Pomeroy of Princeton, N. J., formerly curate of Emmanuel Church, is spending a few days in Newport.

Proposed Pilgrimage.

Washington Commandery of this city is preparing for a pilgrimage this fall which will be, if carried out according to programme, a very enjoyable affair. They propose to go from here to Worcester, spending one night in that city, thence to Albany, N. Y. with one night there, then down the Hudson by daylight, with a night and a day in New York, and home by the New York boat. Some twenty-seven years ago, the Commandery made a similar trip over the same route and it was one of the most enjoyable pilgrimages ever made by the members of this Commandery. It is proposed to make the date the latter part of September.

Frank C. Pennie, an employee of the Rhode Island Coal Company at the mines in Portsmouth, slipped and fell under a moving coal car Wednesday morning and his leg was so badly crushed that it had to be amputated. The injured man was brought to Newport on the nine o'clock train and was rushed to the Newport Hospital in the ambulance where Dr. Stewart and Dr. Sherman amputated the leg. Although suffering considerably from the shock the man is expected to recover.

Judge Stearns in the Superior Court has denied the application for a new trial in the case against Joseph Badnelly who was found guilty of an assault when the case was tried before the court in this city. The petition was brought on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence. It is likely that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court on appeal.

The Riverman

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Chapter 12

SUNDAY afternoon Orde, leaving Newmark to devote of his own, walked slowly up the main street, turned to the right down one of the shaded side residence streets that ended finally in a beautiful glistening sand hill. Orde, seated himself on the smooth, clean sand and removed his hat. He saw these things and in imagination the far upper stretches of the river, with the mills and yards and booms extending for miles, and still above them the marshes and the flats where the river widened below the Big Band. That would be the location for the booms of the new company—a cheap property on which the partners had already secured a valuation. To right and left stretched the long Michigan coast, with hills topped with the green of twisted pines, firs and beeches, with always its beach of sand, deep and dry to the very edge. After he had cooled he arose and made his way back to a pleasant hardwood forest of maple and beech. Orde walked slowly farther and farther into the forest.

A fresh breeze darkened the blue velvet surface of the water, tumbled the white foam hissing up the beach, blew forward over the dunes, a line hurrying wist of sand and bore to Orde at last the refreshment of the wide spaces. A woman, walking slowly, bent her head against the force of this wind.

Orde watched her idly. He caught himself admiring the grace of her deft and sudden movements and the sway of her willowy figure.

As though directed by some unseen guide, her course veered more and more until it led directly to the spot where Orde stood.

When she was within ten feet of him she at last raised her head so the young man could see something besides the top of her hat. Orde looked plump into her eyes.

"Hello!" she said cheerfully and unsuspiciously and sank down crosslegged at his feet.

Orde stood quite motionless, overcome by astonishment. Her face, its long oval framed in the bands of the gray veil and the down turned brim of the hat, looked up smiling into his.

"Why, Miss Bishop!" cried Orde, finding his voice. "What are you doing here?"

A faint shade of annoyance crossed her brow.

"Oh, I could ask the same of you, and then we'd talk about how surprised we are, world without end," said she. "The important thing is that here is sand to play in, and there is the lake, and here are we, and the day is charming, and it's good to be alive. Sit down and dig a hole! We've all the common days to explain things in."

Orde laughed and seated himself to face her. Without further talk and quite gravely they commenced to scoop out an excavation between them, piling the sand over themselves and on either side as was most convenient. As the hole grew deeper they had to lean over more and more. Their heads sometimes brushed over so lightly; their hands perforate touched. She looked up happily at him, thrusting the loose hair from in front of her eyes.

She arose to her feet, shaking the sand free from her skirts. "Now let's go somewhere else," she said. "I think through these woods. Can we get back to town this way?"

"Yes," replied Orde. "The lumberjacks say that the woods are the poor man's overcoat."

Orde followed her in silence. She seemed to be quite without responsibility in regard to him, and yet an occasional random remark thrown in his direction proved that he was not forgotten. Finally they emerged from the beech woods.

She turned and waved her hat at the beech woods falling somber against the lowering sun.

"Goodbye," she said gravely, "and pleasant dreams to you. I hope those very saucy little birds won't keep you awake." She looked up at Orde. "He was rather nice to us this afternoon," she explained, "and it's always well to be polite to them anyway." She gazed steadily at Orde for signs of amusement. He resolutely held his face sympathetic.

"Now I think we'll go home," said she.

They made their way to the edge of the sand hill. The low slanting sun cast across the vista a sleepy light of evening.

"How would you like to live in a place like that all your life?" asked Orde.

"I don't know." She weighed her words carefully. "It would depend



"Good night."

The place isn't of so much importance, it seems to me. It's the life one is called to. It's whether one finds her soul's realm or not that a place is livable or not."

Orde looked out over the raw little village with a new interest. Her whole aspect seemed to have changed with the descent into the conventional of the village street. The old, gentle, though self-contained reserve had returned.

"I came down with Jane and Mrs. Hubbard to see Mr. Hubbard off on the boat for Milwaukee last night," she told him. "Of course we had to wait over Sunday. Mrs. Hubbard and Jane had to see some relative or other, but I preferred to take a walk."

"Where are you staying?" asked Orde.

"At the Bennetts'."

They said little more until the Bennetts' gate was reached. Orde declined to go in.

"I want to thank you," she said. "You did not once act as though you thought I was silly or crazy. And you didn't try, as all the rest of them would, to not sily too. You couldn't have done it. Oh, you may have felt it—I know." She smiled one of her quaint and quizzical smiles. "But men aren't built for foolishness. They have to leave that to us. You've been very nice this afternoon, and it's helped a lot. Good night."

Orde, however, walked back to the hotel in a black rage with himself over what he termed his imbecility. As he remembered it he had made just one consecutive speech that afternoon.

"Joe," said he to Newmark, "what's the plural form of incubus? Isn't it 'quases'?"

"Incubi," answered Newmark.

"Thanks," said Orde gloomily.



Chapter 13

"I HAVE Heinzman's contract all drawn," said Newmark the next morning, "and I think I'll go around with you to the office."

They found the little German awaiting them. Newmark immediately took charge of the interview.

"I have executed here the contract and the bonds secured by Mr. Orde's and my shares of stock in the new company," he explained.

Heinzman reached his hands for the papers, leaning over his glasses at the two young men. As he read, however, his smile vanished.

"What is this?" he inquired, crispness in his voice. "You told me," he accused Orde, "that you were not prepared to break out the railways. You told me you would expect me to do that for myself. Well, why do you put in this?" reading from the paper in his hand.

"In case said railways belonging to said parties of the second part are not broken out by the time the drive has reached them, and in case on demand said parties of the second part do not exercise due diligence in breaking out said railways, the said parties of the first part shall themselves break out said railways, and the said parties of the second part do hereby agree to reimburse said parties of the first part at the rate of a dollar per thousand board feet."

"That is merely to protect ourselves," struck in Newmark.

"But," exploded Heinzman, his face purpling, "a dollar a thousand is absurd!"

"Of course," agreed Newmark. "We expect it to be. It is intended as a penalty in case you don't break out four own railways in time."

"I will not stand for such foolishness!" pounded Heinzman.

"Very well," said Newmark crisply, reaching for the contract.

But Heinzman clung to it.

"It is absurd," he repeated in a miller tone. "See, I will strike it out!" He did so with a few dashes of the pen.

"We have no intention," stated Newmark, with decision, "of giving you the chance to hang up our drive."

Heinzman caught his breath.

"So that is what you think?" he shouted. He tore the contract in pieces and threw it in the wastebasket. "Get out of here!" he cried.

Orde's hands twitched nervously. "You to refuse our offer?"

"You to refuse our offer?"

"Refuse! Yes—you and your whole capoodle!" yelled Heinzman. "Once in the open street Orde drew a deep breath of relief."

"When?" said he. "That was a terror! We've gone off the wrong foot that time."

Newmark was amused. "You don't mean to say that fooled you?" he marvelled.

"What?" asked Orde.

"It was all rubbish. He saw we had spotted his little game, and he had to retreat. It was as plain as the nose on your face. We've got an enemy on our hands in any case and one we'll have to look out for. He'll try to make trouble on the river. Perhaps he'll try to break the stream by not breaking his railways."

The partners looked out the little frame building in which Johnson conducted his business.

"I see no use in it," said Johnson. "I can run an open without help from any man."

"Which seems to settle that," said Newmark to Orde after they had left.

"Now," said Newmark as they trudged back to their hotel, "this proposition of Heinzman's has given me an idea. I'm not going to try to sell this stock outside, but to the men who own timber along the river. Then they won't be objecting to the tolls, for if the company makes any profits part will go to them. I'll take these contracts to show we can do the business, and I'll see about incorporation and get a proper office and equipments. Of course we'll have to make this our headquarters."

"I suppose so," said Orde a little blankly. After an instant he laughed. "Do you know, I hadn't thought of that!"

"Also," went on Newmark calmly, "I'll buy the supplies to the best advantage I can."

"And?" inquired Orde.

"Get the booms built and improve the river. Begin to get your crew. You can start right off. We have my money to begin on."

Orde laughed.

"My! She's a nice big job, isn't she?" he cried joyously.

"I'll buy the supplies to the best advantage I can."

"And?" inquired Orde.

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"And?" inquired Orde.

"Get the booms built and improve the river. Begin to get your crew. You can start right off. We have my money to begin on."

Orde laughed.

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poor correspondent. I do not make it a custom to write to young men."

"Oh!" he cried, believing himself enlightened. "Will you answer if I write you?"

She began gently to laugh, quite to herself, as though enjoying a joke entirely within her own personal privilege.

"What is your address in New York?" demanded Orde.

She sank into a chair near by with a pretty uplifted gesture of despair.

"I surrender!" she cried, and then she laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, you are delicious!" she said at last. "Well, listen, I live at 12 West Ninth street. Can you remember that?" Orde nodded.

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the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the bores were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced, that work became possible.

"Now, boys!" cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!"

The twenty-six foot logs were placed side by side, slanting from a point two feet below the rim of the fall to the ledge below. They were bolted together top and bottom through the four holes bored for that purpose. The task finished, they piled the flash boards from the improvised dam, piled them neatly beyond reach of high water, rescued the sawhorses and piled them also for a possible future use and blocked the temporary channel.

The river, restored to its immemorial channel by these men who had so nonchalantly turned it aside, roared on. Orde and his crew tramped back to the falls and gazed on their handiwork with satisfaction. Instead of plunging over an edge into a turmoil of foam and eddies, now the water flowed smoothly, almost without a break, over an incline of thirty degrees.

"Logs'll slip over that slick as a gun barrel," said Tom North.

Quite cheerfully they took up their long, painstaking journey back down the river.

The trail led the crew through many minor labors, all of which consumed time. At Redd's mill Orde entered into diplomatic negotiations with old man Reed, whom he found singularly amenable. The skirmish in the spring seemed to have taken all the fight out of him, or perhaps, more simply, Orde's attitude toward him at that time had won him over to the young man's side.

Orde's crew built a new sluiceway and gate far enough down to assure a good head in the pond above.

In September the crew had worked down as far as Redding, leaving behind them a river harness for their uses. Remained still the forty miles between Redding and the lake. Orde here paid off his men. A few days' work with a pile driver would fence the principal shoals from the channel.

He stayed overnight with his parents and took the train for Monrovia to meet Newmark.

"Hello, Joe!" greeted Orde, his teeth flashing in contrast to the tap of his face. "I'm done. Anything new since you wrote last?"

Newmark had acquired his articles of incorporation and sold his stock. Perhaps his task had in it as much of difficulty as Orde's taming of the river. Certainly he carried it to as successful a conclusion. The bulk of the stock he sold to log owners. Some blocks even went to Chicago. His own little fortune of twenty thousand he paid in for the shares that represented his half of the majority retained by himself and Orde. The latter gave a note at 10 per cent for his proportion of the stock. Newmark then borrowed fifteen thousand more, giving as security a mortgage on the company's newly acquired property—the rigs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the shaveling determined. It left the company with obligations of \$15,000 a year in interest, expenses which would run heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock worth at par exactly \$49,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these liabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to deliver about 100,000,000 feet of logs. After some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary.

"The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newmark, "is that we have only one season contracts. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fail to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's bust-bust."

Into the forest went the axmen. The straightest trees they felled, trimmed and dragged down travay trails they constructed, on sleds they built for the purpose, to the banks of the river. Here they bored the two holes through either end to receive the bolts when later they should be locked together side by side in their places. As fast as they were prepared men with cantbooks rolled them down the slope to a flat below the falls.

After the trees had been cut in sufficient number Orde led the way back upstream a half mile to a shallows, where he commanded the construction of a number of exaggerated sawhorses with very wide spread slanting legs. When the sawhorses were completed Orde directed the picks and shovels to be brought up.

Orde set his men to digging a channel through the bank. It was no slight job, as the slope down into a swamp began only at a point forty or fifty feet inland; but, on the other hand, the earth was soft and free from rocks. When completed the channel gave passage to a rather feeble streamlet from the outer fringe of the river.

Next Orde assigned two men to each of the queer shaped sawhorses and instructed them to place the horses in a row across the shallowest part of the river and broadside to the stream. This was done. The men, halfway to their knees in the swift water, bore

down heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Big rocks and gravel shoveled on in quantity prevented the lower ends from rising. The wide slant of

the legs directed the pressure so far downward that the bores were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above its former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond.

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DON'T BE FOOLED INTO DOING
SOMETHING ELSE.

"After what I have taken and done it is no wonder I am glad of an opportunity to recommend what cured me to my friends."

I suffered intense agony from gravel for nearly fifteen years.

For five and six weeks at a time I could not work, the pain was so great. My kidneys and bladder were in horrible shape. My back ached so I could not sleep. I had no appetite at all.

I tried about every doctor in Syracuse but they failed to help me.

I used nearly all the advertised medicines without any benefit.

This was my discouraging condition when I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I used only four bottles and I consider myself cured. I have no backache at all, no pain in passing urine, my appetite is splendid.

It helped me from the start and I gained twenty pounds in weight.

FRED HOFFMAN.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels. It overcomes and permanently cures dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not contaminate.

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Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrofulous Diseases.

New England Navigation Co.

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ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long

Wharf, Newport, every day at 9.15 P.

M. Steamers PROVIDENCE and

PRISCILLA, Orchestra on each.

For New York and Points on the

New York, New Haven &

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WICKFORD LINE—

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1-8

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall,

Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth

and Tiverton, 6.10 a. m., then ten and fifty min-

utes past the hour and half past the

hour until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays, 6.30 a. m., then same as week

days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for

Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Mid-

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THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"In theory," To Orde's inquiry he stated that Miss Bishop had gone out to the theater. The young man left his name and a message of regret. At this the footman, with an ironical smile as he was to be quite lost on Orde, demanded a card. Orde scribbled a line in his notebook, tore it out, folded it and left it.

He retired early and arose early, as had become his habit. At the office the clerk handed him a note:

My Dear Mr. Orde—I was so sorry to miss you that evening because of a stupid play. Come around as early as you can tomorrow morning. I shall expect you. Sincerely yours,

CARROLL BISHOP.

Orde glanced at the clock, which pointed to 7. He breakfasted and started leisurely in the direction of West Ninth street. He walked slowly. At

University place he was seized with a panic and hurried rapidly to his destination. The door was answered by the same man who had opened it the night before. To Orde's inquiry he

stated, with great brevity, that Miss Bishop was not yet visible and prepared to close the door.

"You are mistaken," said Orde. "I have an engagement with Miss Bishop. Tell her Mr. Orde is here."

The man departed, leaving Orde standing in the gloomy hall. That

young man, however, parted the curtains leading into a parlor and sat down in a splendid legged chair.

For quite three quarters of an hour he waited without hearing any other

indications of life than muffled sounds. Occasionally he shifted his position, but cautiously, as though he feared to awaken some one. Three oil portraits

stared at him with all the reserved aloofness of their painted eyes. He

began to doubt whether the man had announced him at all.

Then, breaking the stillness with almost startling abruptness, he heard a

clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhythmic

swish of skirts, punctuated by the light pat-pat of a girl tripping

downstairs, brought him to his feet. A moment later the curtains parted, and she entered, holding out her hand.

He stood holding her hand, suddenly unable to say a word, looking at her

hungrily. A flood of emotion, of which he had had no prevision, swelled up within him to fill his throat.

"It was good of you to come so promptly," said she. "I'm so anxious to hear all about the dear people at

Redding."

The sounds in the next room increased in volume, as though several people

must have entered that apartment. In a moment or so the curtains to the hall

parted to frame the servant.

"Mrs. Bishop wishes to know, miss,"

said that "functionary," "if you're not coming to breakfast."

Orde sprang to his feet.

"Haven't you had your breakfast yet?" he cried, conscience stricken.

"Didn't you gather the fact that I'm just up?" she mocked him. "I assure you it doesn't matter. The family has

just come down."

"But," cried Orde, "I wasn't here until 9 o'clock. I thought, of course, you'd be around. I'm mighty sorry."

"Oh, in, in," she cried, cutting him short.

Orde was for taking his leave, but this she would not have.

"You must meet my family," she

negotiated. "for if you're here for so short a time we want to see something of you. Come right out now."

Orde thereupon followed her down a narrow, dark hall to a door that

opened straight into the dining room. With her back to the bow window sat a woman well beyond middle age, but

with evidently some pretensions to youth. She was tall, quick in movement. Dark rings below her eyes at-

tested either a nervous disease, a hysterical temperament or both. Immedi-

ately at her left sat a boy of about fourteen years of age, his face a curious

contradiction between a naturally frank and open expression and a

growing sullenness. Next him stood a vacant chair, evidently for Miss Bishop.

Opposite lolled a young man, holding a newspaper in one

hand and a coffee cup in the other. He was very handsome, with a drooping

black mustache, dark eyes, under-

lashes almost too luxuriant and a long, oval face, dark in complexion and a

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Established by Franklin in 1788.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 141
House Telephone 1050

Saturday, January 29, 1910.

It looks as though the demands on the State Treasury would be large the coming year. Every department of the State is clamoring for more money for new buildings, enlarged quarters, and better equipment. The question arises "Where is the money coming from?"

Paris is well called the most beautiful city in the world but her beauty is likely to suffer from the terrible floods that are now prevailing there. The conditions have become desperate and even though the waters should begin at once to subside the suffering will be enormous.

At last a husband sues for divorce on the plea that his wife has a mania for moving from one place to another. Variety is the spice of life, but this dependent saute that the price of spices, like the other necessities of living, very high just now. We know of several people who find it cheaper to move than to pay rent and it is not all the wife's fault, either.

James J. Hill seems to have hit the nail very nearly on the head by stating that the housewife is largely responsible for the present high prices of food stuffs. Some of the large packers are advertising the prices of the cheaper cuts of beef which show very clearly that there has been no material increase in the cheaper grades in the last ten years. With increased demand for the choice cuts of beef, there must be an increased price made to equalize the consumption of the beef.

It is understood that there is likely to come before the representative council a proposition to issue bonds to the tune of \$1,000,000 for the purpose of providing funds to build a summer hotel. This is no new scheme as it has been talked of for some time, and has been constantly advocated by the Mercury. There is no reason why the city should not pledge its credit for this purpose which, if properly handled, would return a handsome profit to the business men of the city, and after the first few years might reasonably be expected to pay a return on the investment. But if such a scheme is seriously undertaken there is one important feature that must be attended to promptly. Before the people are called upon to vote on the question of bonding the city for this purpose, a suitable manager must be obtained—a big man in his profession and one who has confidence in Newport as a hotel resort. It will be the height of folly to go ahead with this proposition until such a man will pledge himself to take the hotel and run it properly after it is built.

Newport county looms very large in the important Assembly committees this year. The city of Providence by comparison appears like a way-station where the fast trains whistle but do not stop—Providence Journal.

Wonder whose fault it is if Newport County does "boom" up on committees? Newport County has earned it and is entitled to it. Her members have had many years' experience in legislative matters, while the city of Providence sends out year a solid Democratic delegation, the next year Republicans take their places and the next year a mixed representation heaves in sight. It is not to be expected that new men, even if they do come from the city of Providence, are going to the head of the class at the first lesson. But let us see about this "way-station" business. Providence has one member on the committee on labor, three on special legislation committee, two on finance, and one or more members on every important committee except the judiciary, and on this committee there was no vacancy. In the Senate her one member holds down three Committees, Judiciary, militia and rules. The twelve members to the house from Providence hold twenty-two committees, the ten from Newport county hold thirteen. There would not seem to be so much "way-station" business about this.

Redistricting Bill.

The bill before the General Assembly for redistricting of the State for members of the House of Representatives provides for a commission of nine to be appointed by the Governor, of which number Providence County is to have three, each of the other counties one, and two at large, which will doubtless be Providence men. This Commission is to divide the State into one hundred representative districts as nearly equal in population as may be, and report by August 1st. They are to act under the new census to be taken in April. It is impossible to tell what will be the number each town and city will have under the new census, but if the division was to be made under the census of 1905, then Providence would have 25, which she will have in any case: Pawtucket, 10; Woonsocket, 7; Newport, 6; Warwick, 6; Central Falls, 4; Cranston, 4; East Providence, 3; Bristol, 2; Warren, 2; Lincoln, 2; Barrillville, 2; and Cumberland, 2; making 75 in all. The remaining twenty-five towns will have one representative each.

Not Quite All.

The Providence Journal, which has a strong hatred of anything and everything pertaining to Newport, accuses the Newport delegation of trying to "catch everything in sight as far as State positions go." Let us look at a few of the State positions held by citizens of Providence: State Commissioners of Stinking Funds—two commissioners, one from Providence and one from Pawtucket; State Board of Education—one from Providence; State Board of Charities and Corrections—two from Providence; State Board of Pharmacy—one from Providence; State Board of Health—three from Providence; State Board of Dentistry—five members in all, three of them from Providence; State School for Deaf—five out of nine from Providence; Board of Control of State Home and School—five out of seven from Providence; State Board of Soldiers' Relief—majority of the board from Providence; State Board of Accountancy—two out of three from Providence; Commissioners of Island Fisheries—two from Providence; Harbor Commissioners—two out of three from Providence, the same man holding the position on two boards; State House Commission—three members, all from Providence; Rhode Island Stone Bridge Commission—two of the three members are from Providence, and yet the bridge is in Newport County; State Inspectors—four in all, all from Providence. The Commissioner of Dams and Reservoirs is a Providence man, also the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics, State Librarian, State Assayer of Liquors, State Commissioner of Providence & Worcester Railroad, Providence furnishes eight of the clerks of committees, etc., etc. In fact there is not a single State board of any kind that does not have one or more Providence men on it. Newport County has only the positions that by law are assigned to this County. There, no doubt, the Journal would like to gobble up.

General Assembly.

The session of the State Legislature this week have been quite brief, not a great deal of business being ready for consideration. The committees of the House that were appointed by Speaker Burdett last week, have organized, Joseph Barrett of this city being elected clerk of the committee on labor. The annual appropriation bill has been introduced in the House and referred to the Finance committee.

Governor Pothier announced several appointments on Wednesday, and they were confirmed on Friday. Among these was the appointment of Henry T. Root of Providence for Harbor Commissioner. An amendment to the act regarding the Rhode Island Stone Bridge has been introduced in the Senate, and Senator Wilbour has called on the old woman suffrage bill and had it re-introduced.

Truth Plainly Spoken.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Muck-Raking Press of Rhode Island.

(From Leslie's Weekly.)

"Akin to an act of treachery to the national flag in wartime is the publication of an untruthful or reckless sentiment about a public official." No Governor Hughes struck from the shoulder in the Dodge lecture course at Yale. Let the yellow journals away their mediocres, for it is intended for them. To illustrate what Mr. Hughes means, the muck-rakers have been seeking of late to victimize a public official who is doing splendid service for the people—Mr. Ballinger, the Secretary of the Interior. So persistent was the attack, the Attorney-General of the United States prepared for the President's use a comprehensive review of all the acts of Mr. Ballinger which affect the conservation of natural resources and the Alaska oil fields, these being the matters at issue. This facts thus gathered disprove every charge that had been made reflecting upon the honesty of Mr. Ballinger or the propriety of his acts. Instead of being vilified, he should have been praised. Yet for weeks Mr. Ballinger had to endure the accusations of reckless papers and magazines, assailing the integrity of his character and his honor as a public servant.

Were this an isolated case, Governor Hughes would not have used such emphatic language. But it has become the established custom of yellow journalism in dealing with public officials. Other recent instances that might be mentioned are the unwarranted attacks upon Secretary Knox for recalling Mr. Crane from China, and upon Collector Loeb in his housecleaning of our chief port of entry. The man who accepts public office to-day does so in the face of the probability that his every act as the people's servant may be maliciously perverted to suit the ends of muck-raking magazines and papers. The injustice of all this to the individual is bad enough, but what shall we say of the loss of popular confidence in our governmental service which is thus created? The public is entitled to facts, not fiction; and when libelous statements against public officials are printed as ascertained facts, the sensational press cowardly abuses its freedom and prostitutes its high calling as a mouthpiece of public opinion.

But the attacks of a reckless press are not confined to public life. Colonel Waterston, the famous Louisville editor, speaking to the newspaper editor at the National Press Club in Washington, said, "Pretending to be the especial defenders of liberty, we are becoming the invaders of private rights. No household seems any longer safe against intrusion. Our reporters are being turned into detectives. As surely as this be not checked, we shall grow to be the objects of fear and hatred, instead of trust and respect." Well-bred foreigners stand amazed at the way the American press invades the sacredness of private and family life. No one's reputation is safe with the reckless portion of our press if there seems to be the least suggestion that will lend itself to sensationalism with which they may gratify the perverted taste of their readers. Many good people, to whom these features are most distasteful, have nevertheless support-

ed such papers. But if the press is to be purified, it is up to the reader as well as to the publisher. Yellow journals have made money. Muck-raking was started with no better purpose than to make more money. Let all who believe in clean journalism, both reader and advertiser, discriminate against vicious and sensational sheets. The wholesome and restraining effect this would have upon receipts would be one of the surest ways to reach a higher moral average.

The American press must remain free—as free as American speech. We want no official censor with his blue pencil. But we do want a public opinion so enlightened that it shall demand a clean and wholesome journalism.

The muck-raking yellow journals of Rhode Island are as guilty as any papers in the country.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent Jan. 28 to Feb. 1, warm wave Jan. 27 to 31, cool wave Jan. 30 to Feb. 3. This disturbance was expected to bring lower than usual temperatures, an average of the week centering on Jan. 30. A cold wave will follow; the moderate warm wave with rain and snow, according to latitude. In most parts of the country this storm will cause unusually bad, disagreeable weather. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 4, cross Pacific slope by close of 5, great central valleys 6 to 8, eastern provinces and northern states 9. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 4, great central valleys 6, eastern provinces and northern states 8. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 7, great central valleys 9, eastern provinces and northern states 11.

The low or storm center of this disturbance will pass eastward by way of Vancouver, Salt Lake, Denver, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Buffalo, Maine. The cold wave will be nearly north and a little west of the storm center and will pass eastward by way of northern British Columbia, Manitoba, North Dakota, Toledo, Pittsburgh and the northeastern states and eastern provinces.

This will be a severe winter storm with more than usual amount of rain east of meridian 90. The cold wave will be severe within 800 miles of the line of eastward drift designated above. The weather features of this storm will not be the most radical of the month but will be of greater than usual intensity.

I expect temperatures of Feb. to average above normal in the States east of the Rockies and below on the Pacific slope. Temperatures in Canada east of Rockies will be about normal and west of Rockies below normal. Rainfall will be above normal in February, and within 500 miles of a line drawn from Dayton, Ohio, to Ottawa, Canada. Elsewhere, it will be less than usual. A drought will prevail in Florida; lower Mississippi valley, Texas and Cuba. The most severe cold waves of the month will cross meridian 90 about Feb. 2 and 27. Highest temperature will cross meridian 90 not far from Feb. 7, 16, 25.

Temperatures of February will go up from 1 to 25 much more than the season would seem to indicate. They will be much below normal first of month and much above normal for two weeks centering on Feb. 17 and 24. These dates must be applied to meridian 90, counting one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it.

FORESTS AND RAINFALL.

This is one of the most important questions of our time. The people of all nations have long been convinced that the forests do affect rainfall and this country was almost unanimously of that opinion till Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau, and Prof. Cleveland Abbe, the originator of the Weather Bureau, took the negative side of the question. President Roosevelt, through his chief forester, Pinchot, whom he enthusiastically supported, was very positive on the affirmative side of this issue. It is of such great importance that I must discuss the question through these bulletins.

A Notable Musical Collection.

An imposing array of artists who contribute to the February issue of Edison Records ought to go a long way towards dispelling any popular misconception of the musical value of the Phonograph. Some idea of what the National Phonograph Company is expending on its catalogue will be suggested by the names of the talent. In the instrumental line the Amberol (four-mint) list offers Victor Herbert and his Orchestra in "Roses of the World," the tuncful number of his brilliant opera, "Aladdin," Sousa's Band in the well-known "Benediction of the Polkas," from Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots," The United States Marine Band in "The Rite Regiment March," the New York Military Band in "In Cairo—Oriental Patrol," Frohen, the accordion wizard, in the delightful "Amoureuse" waltz, and the American Symphony Orchestra, in "Forest-La-Tarantella," an Italian dance number, and "The Darkies' Jubilee," a descriptive selection in which is reproduced, with the assistance of singers, dancers and vocal effects, a dapper jubilee on the Mississippi levee. Not alone in selections and artists do the lists excel, but in the marvellous reproduction that is given the numbers. Truly, the Edison Phonograph has reached a high state of perfection that entitles it to a position of dignity among musical instruments. Barney has a complete stock of these and all other Edison Records.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Simon Kocchay the house No. 103 John street to Orville M. Gold, of the 7th Band, Coast Artillery Corps.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on Jamestown, Conanicut Island, the furnished villa known as the "Hopkins Cottage," for the summer season of 1910, to Henry W. Stokes of Philadelphia.

The talk of "downing" Uncle Joe Cannon goes merrily on, but Uncle Joe Cannon keeps his chair; still pitched at an angle of 45° and keeps his fighting armor bright. Uncle Joe is not easily "downed."

"There goes a peach wearing a peach-basket hat triumphed with Feaches."

"Yes, and as usual the best peaches are on the top of the basket."—House Post.

Washington Matters.

Proposition to Place Control of Conservation with the States—Anti-Tipping Bill Introduced in the House—More than a Million Dollars for Joint Maneuvers Next Summer—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1910.

Senator Carter of Montana has drafted a bill to authorize the issuance to the states of patents for public lands which are chiefly valuable for the development of water power. The measure is an outgrowth of the discussions at the recent conference of Governors held in Washington and is aimed to meet the demands of those who insist that the states and not the general government shall assume control of this phase of the conservation problem. Mr. Carter is one of the strong men in Congress, an able debater and an experienced legislator. As chairman of the committee on irrigation he made a careful and exhaustive inquiry last year of the public domain of the west and he is regarded as being well equipped to discuss and defend his measure to give the states control of the development of water power.

The Carter bill differs fundamentally from that drafted by the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President and introduced by Senator Nelson. The Nelson bill provides that the government shall retain title to all power sites on the public domain, granting only easements thereon and in such way as to prevent their union for purposes of monopoly with other sites. The right of use is to be limited to forty years, with means for determining a graduated rental, and with provision for fixing the terms of renewal.

It is proposed in the Carter bill that the federal government shall give these lands outright to the states, which would thereafter handle and control them for power development. The bill provides also that the states shall never alienate the fee simple title to the land and shall reserve the right to fix the rental rates based on capacity for power development. The state is also to regulate the price to be charged for the electric current generated by the water power.

It is apparent that a great legal battle will be fought out in Congress before the question of the rights of the states and the federal government respecting water power control is finally settled. This problem has become more trouble than all the other questions that have arisen before that committee. It is entirely possible that some of the Senators from the great land states of the far West will line up with the Southern Democrats on this question on the ground that an effort is being made by the general government to take away rights granted the states in the Constitution.

There are few waiters at Rolls, Missouri, where Representative Murphy makes his home. But in Washington, where Mr. Murphy takes his meals in the winter time, the waiter is very much in evidence. Mr. Murphy has introduced an anti-tipping bill, and his measure is not general in its scope. The Missouri Congressman wants to try his plan in the District of Columbia. It provides that no waiter shall allow tips to be accepted. The penalty provided is a fine ranging from \$5 to \$50. In view of the agitation for a reduction in the cost of living Mr. Murphy thinks his measure ought to prove very popular among those who have to patronize restaurants and hotels.

There are signs of a widespread and vigorous campaign against the proposed rate on magazines with a view to wiping up the deficit in the Postoffice Department. Certain magazines have already begun to send out circulars to their advertisers and subscribers denouncing the plan. A number of these have found their way to members of Congress and a greater number of letters from constituents based on these circulars have come to the Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads. Hearings on the proposed legislation will begin on January 26 and it is expected that a number of the leading magazines will send representatives to Washington to enter an emphatic protest at that time.

Arrangements have been made by the War Department for the maneuvers to be held in various parts of the country during the coming summer. It is expected that Congress will appropriate \$1,350,000 for these joint maneuvers in 1911. The regular forces and the state militia will participate. An allotment will be made of \$350,000 for coast defense exercises, to be held at forts along the coast in the neighborhood of the big cities and in which a limited force of state militia will participate. The schedule which has been prepared embraces a larger force than has hitherto been engaged in these exercises. The Department is convinced that the gathering together in joint practice of state and regular soldiers works a great benefit to both classes of soldiers.

Senator Root has accepted an appointment to represent the United States as special counsel at the highly important arbitration proceedings which are to define the meaning of the provisions of the treaty of 1813 with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries. He took upon himself this onerous and exacting duty at the urgent request of President Taft and Secretary Knox who are convinced that because of the important part played by Mr. Root as Secretary of State in the negotiations preliminary to the arbitration, it would be impossible to secure more competent counsel.

The people of Providence are complaining bitterly of high prices. They claim that the cost of living is higher in that city than in most places throughout the country. Some of the Democratic members of the General Assembly want the Providence merchants and dealers investigated by the State. Such action would doubtless prove as much of a fiasco as did the investigation of the Providence coal dealers two or three years ago.

Great Junior Sagamore, Judge Burke of Westerly, paid a visit to Woonsocket Tribe of Red Men in this city on Wednesday evening, and presented past sachem's jewels to the twenty-nine past sachems of the tribe. There was a large attendance of members and the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays." "Yes. He produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Middletown.

Mr. Alfred Hazard, who seems to be in a weak and run down condition, has been confined to his bed by illness the past two weeks at his home on Green End avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Hueber observed the fifth anniversary of their marriage on Monday at their home, "Love Elm Place," Braman Lane, by entertaining in an informal manner, a few friends at luncheon.

While the main thoroughfare are free from snow, in places there is still a great deal left. The travelling on upper Mitchell's Lane is even now slow, and an attempt to pass another team is likely to prove disastrous. This is enough to make the situation on Honeyman Hill also, and along the roads by Hauging Rocks where an unusual amount drifted in. The most of the snow was blown off by a strong wind during the past week of calm weather.

The leaders of Holy Cross Guild will hold their February monthly supper at the Guild House, West Main Road, on next Wednesday evening. The menu will include brown bread and beans.

Under the auspices of the Epworth League, Rev. C. E. Delamater will give a stereoscopic lecture on India at the church on Wednesday, Feb. 24. Under the auspices of the Epworth League, Rev. C. E. Delamater will give a stereoscopic lecture on India at the church on Wednesday, Feb. 24. Under the auspices of the Epworth League, Rev. C. E. Delamater will give a stereoscopic lecture on India at the church on Wednesday, Feb. 24.

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YELLOW TIDE CREEPS HIGHER

Brings Terror to Hearts of
Stricken People in Paris
STREETS TURNED INTO CANALS

Vast Area Submerged Under From
One to Ten Feet of Water—Health
Menaced by Overflow of Broken
Sewers—No Danger of Water Fam-
ine if Supply is Confined to Drink-
ing Purposes

Paris, Jan. 28.—The flood condi-
tions became considerably worse this
morning, particularly in the south
and east sections. In the sixth ar-
rondissement, the old Latin quarter,
the situation is critical.

The sidewalk of the Quai des
Grands-Augustins collapsed and fell
into the Orlean's company's tunnel
beneath, further extending the flood
through the ancient streets. Another
bad cave-in occurred in the Rue de
Tournon.

The Seine's inexorable yellow tide
creeps slowly higher, each inch of
water widely extending the area of
destruction, desolation and ruin.

Although the barometer is rising
rapidly, and bright sunshine has suc-
ceeded the raging storms, a feeling
of consternation bordering on panic
prevailed when the authorities, who
had promised the maximum of the
flood for Thursday, announced that
this would not be reached until today.

Official figures of the stage of the
water are difficult to obtain and the
city council, at a stormy session,
charged M. Lepine, prefect of Paris,
with withholding the true gravity of
the situation. The prefect defended
his attitude by saying that he was
governed by the necessity of not un-
duly alarming the people.

In the meantime, what is happen-
ing is enough to strike terror to the
hearts of all. The very crust of the
city seems ready to sink into the
flooded subterranean labyrinth be-
neath.

Every hour drains are bursting in
new localities, causing a subsidence
of the streets, or bulging them up
feet above their normal level, while
the overflow of surface water from
the river is transforming the inundat-
ed districts into formidable lakes and
the streets into canals.

In the lively quarter the water is
six feet deep in the streets, and the
entire left bank of the Seine, from
above the islands to Autell, compris-
ing the law court institute, the fash-
ionable St. Germain district, the for-
eign office, the chamber of deputies
and the Champs-de-Mars, is sub-
merged under from one to ten feet of
water.

Some of the deputies left the Palais
Bourbon last night in rowboats, oth-
ers on the backs of attendants. The
walls of the Invalides station are
crumbling, and both that structure
and the wing of the foreign office op-
posite are in danger of collapse.

The streets surrounding the St.
Lazare station have sunk three feet,
and the situation there is regarded
as desperate. It is also feared that
the foundations of the two big neigh-
boring department stores are being
undermined.

The overflow of the broken sewers
into the flooded basements menaces
the health of the occupants, and the
smell of sewerage is already per-
meating the buildings.

The police notified householders,
especially those of the wealthier
class, who are using automobile en-
gines for pumping purposes, that they
must exercise the greatest care, as
the removal of the water pressure
would likely cause of the foundations
to sink or collapse.

Soldiers are working desperately
disentangling driftwood above the Sol-
ferino and Henry IV bridges, while
large forces of men are still engaged
in constructing dams, to divert the
course of the swiftly moving cur-
rents.

In spite of the crippled water sup-
ply the authorities say that the
reservoirs are intact and that there is
no danger of a famine if the water is
husbanded carefully and confined
strictly to drinking purposes. At the
same time a warning is again issued
that the water should be boiled.

Owing to defective communication
with the provinces few dispatches
have been received here, but these
report a general improvement. The
weather everywhere throughout
France has ameliorated and it is be-
lieved that the worst of the floods is
past.

CONFESSES WRONGDOING

Tax Collector Used More Than \$7000
of Money Belonging to Town

Wellesley, Mass., Jan. 28.—Clar-
ence H. Dammun, 35 years old, tax
collector of this town since 1902, af-
ter confessing a shortage of \$7270.76
in town funds in his possession and
resigning the office of tax collector,
was arrested late last night and
locked up on a charge of larceny and
embezzlement.

Chairman Sweetser of the board of
selectmen says that Dammun made a
confession and declared that he had
used the money for his living ex-
penses.

New Comet Is a Swift One
Providence, Jan. 28.—The new
comet which has appeared in the
western heavens since last week is
making a speed of more than 120
miles a second, according to calcu-
lations made by Professor Upton of
Brown university.

HARGIS STAYS IN PRISON

Son of Kentucky Feud Leader Must
Serve Life Sentence

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 28.—Beach
Hargis must serve his sentence of life
imprisonment for the murder of his
father, Judge James Hargis, famous
feudist.



BEACH HARGIS.

This ruling was handed down by
the Kentucky court of appeals.

RETRACTS "CONFESSION"

Hall Denies That He Was Slayer of
Anna Schumacher

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 27.—James
E. Hall, brought here from the
Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard, to
be tried for the murder of Anna C.
Schumacher, retracted his confes-
sion, after the crime had been re-
enacted in the Holy Sepulchre cem-
etery, where the girl was killed last
August.

Hall was put through the third de-
gree and finally taken to the scene of
the crime. There he denied that he
had ever been near the spot before.
It is intimated that the alleged con-
fession was a ruse to escape from the
navy, from which he was dishonor-
ably discharged.

MOORE COMPARED TO EXPLORER COOK

Forest Expert Attacks Head of
Weather Bureau

Washington, Jan. 28.—Professor
Moore, chief of the weather bureau,
experienced the sensation of being
compared to Dr. Cook. It happened
because of the dispute whether the
removal of forests from water-sheds
tends to increase floods. Moore has
publicly declared that it does not,
and conservation advocates disagree
with him.

Secretary Finney of the Appalachian
National Forest association issued a
statement to the effect that Moore has
not proved his point, but has been
disproved by other scientists.

"Like the gentleman who recently
came out of the north with tremen-
dous claims but without his note-
book and instruments, Moore states
his conclusions with a great flourish
of language—but withholds his
records," says Finney.

MEAT ISSUE ABANDONED

Will Simplify Our Tariff Negotiations
With Germany

Washington, Jan. 28.—Germany's
place among the nations which are to
be declared exempt from the 25 per-
cent increase in duties which the
Payne-Aldrich tariff law provides
shall be imposed after March 31, was
practically assured by a decision of
this government to leave the German
boycott on American cattle out of con-
sideration in determining whether the
kaiser's people shall be granted miti-
mum tariff privileges.

Word has been cabled to Germany
that the cattle point is waived by the
United States in the present discus-
sion and the way thus is paved
for a settlement of Germany's tariff
relations with this nation.

FOR A NEW "KINGDOM"

Indian Conspirators Tried to Secure
Freedom From Great Britain

Lahore, British India, Jan. 28.—It
has developed at the trial of an al-
leged Indian conspirator that the
plans of conspiracy against the Brit-
ish Indian government included the
establishment of an independent king-
dom with a king, an imperial coun-
cil of five, house of princes and a
house of commons, the latter having
a membership of thirty. The seat of
government was to be at Delhi.

Maine Fishery Statistics
Portland, Me., Jan. 25.—Employ-
ment was given 12,000 men, whose
boats and gear represented a total
valuation of nearly \$4,000,000 by the
sea and shore fisheries of Maine the
past year. The value of the produc-
tion is estimated at \$4,000,000.

Reign of Terror in Nicaragua
Bluefields, Jan. 28.—Private dis-
patches state that the imprisonment
of the members of prominent families
in Granada and Managua still con-
tinues and that Madrid has virtually
re-established a reign of terror.

Probing Alleged Insurance Plot
Louisville, Jan. 28.—What attor-
neys employed by life insurance com-
panies to conduct criminal prosecu-
tions say is a plot to defraud insur-
ance companies by an alleged con-
spiracy, is to be made the subject of
an investigation in Louisville, New
Albany, Ind., and other points.

PROSECUTION OF PACKERS

Federal Grand Jury Convenes
With That Object In View

BOYCOTT IS GAINING STRENGTH

Million People Engaged In Fight
Against High Prices In Score of
More Cities—Senator Bristow's Con-
tribution to Controversy—Labor
Unions Do Not Think Boycott Hits
Mark at Which It is Aimed

Boston, Jan. 25.—The centre of in-
terest in the so-called anti-meat war
has suddenly shifted from the cities
which have joined the boycott cam-
paign to Chicago, where the govern-
ment is about to begin a vigorous pro-
secution of the big packers. A spe-
cial grand jury has already been em-
paneled to weigh the evidence and
determine if the testimony warrants
indictments charging conspiracy to
control the prices of food.

Incidentally the concerted move-
ment to reduce the cost of living con-
tinues. A score or more cities are
now involved in the fight. It is im-
possible to state the number of per-
sons actively engaged, but one mil-
lion is not a wild estimate. New
York is now in the thick of the fray.
A grand jury investigation into the
whole problem is pending.

Prosecutor's inquiry into the cold
storage situation has been inaugu-
rated and the abstinence pledges are
being freely signed.

Senator Bristow of Kansas sounds
a popular note when he says: "Revo-
lutions have been started by less
than the American people are suffer-
ing now. Meat costs up to a quarter
of the average household expenses,
and it ought to be cheaper today in-
stead of dearer than it was twenty-
five years ago, because of the greater
economy in its preparation and sale.
When I was a boy, 25 percent of the
carcass went to waste. Now, noth-
ing goes to waste—not even the blood."

Thus far the meat boycott has
met with greater success in the west.
Other sections of the country are not
yet decided that the proper remedy
is being applied, and the fear is often
expressed that boycott, though ef-
fective as a protest, does not hit the
mark at which it is aimed. In other
words, it will be the small dealer and
not the packer who will suffer. This
may be said to represent the position
of many labor unions.

There can be no doubt, however,
that the movement has focussed the
attention of the nation upon the need
of economy. President Brown of the
New York Central lines says: "The
most portentous cloud on the politi-
cal or economic horizon is the steady,
relentless increase in price of every-
thing that goes to make up the cost of
living."

Cities where the boycott has been
in operation report a large decrease
in the consumption of meat, some
drop in prices and many small deal-
ers forced to the wall. There will be
a mass meeting in Boston either Fri-
day or Saturday to discuss the whole
situation.

Consumers Benefit by Boycott
Washington, Jan. 28.—The ulti-
mate consumer is beginning at last to
reap the benefit of the agitation
against the high cost of living. Re-
tail dealers, forced to action by con-
gested markets and perhaps by the
pressure of public opinion, are cut-
ting the prices of foodstuffs. The
downward movement is by no means
violent, but it has the supreme vir-
tue of being in the right direction.

Federal and state investigation of
prices in general continues and vari-
ous remedies for present conditions
are suggested.

Congressman Sabath has intro-
duced a bill to put practically all food
products on the free list; Senator Mc-
Cumber wants the senate to inaugu-
rate an inquiry into the whole cost
of living problem.

LABEL CASE QUASHED

New York World Freed by Decision
In Panama Canal Case

New York, Jan. 27.—The federal
government's prosecution of the pub-
lishers of the New York World was
stopped by the federal court here,
Judge Hough quashing the indictment
against the Press Publishing com-
pany, publishers of the World; for
alleged libel in connection with pub-
lications concerning the Panama canal
purchase.

The indictment was thrown out on
the ground of lack of jurisdiction of
the court and for other reasons which
Hough announced would be stated in
a memorandum to be filed later.

Women Held For Robbery
New York, Jan. 27.—May Williams
and Bessie Roberts, the two women
charged with robbing Warner Van
Norden, the banker, of \$23,000 in
front of the Waldorf, were held in
\$30,000 bail each for the grand jury.

Senator Daniel Re-elected
Richmond, Jan. 27.—In joint ses-
sion the legislature re-elected John
W. Daniel for the sixth time to the
United States senate.

Costly Decorations For Goat
Pittsburg, Jan. 28.—Reuben
Schwartz, 14 years years old, who
used to be an office boy in a millinery
establishment here, was sent to the
reform school for having stolen at
least \$100 worth of fine Irish lace
and ostrich plumes worth \$60 apiece
to decorate the Schwartz family goat,
which had won some local fairs.

TESTIMONY OF GLAVIS

It is Upheld by Decision In Land
Case in Seattle Court

Washington, Jan. 28.—Louis D.
Brandels evidently has scored first
blood in the Ballinger-Pinchot hear-
ing, in view of the decision an-
nounced simultaneously by Judge
Hanford in the United States district
court at Seattle that the lands con-
cerning which Brandels drew from
Louis R. Glavis, his client, the tes-
timony that Ballinger had drawn up
a secret agreement concerning them
were obtained from the government
by fraud. These were what is known
as the Wilson coal lands, in western
Washington.



LOUIS R. GLAVIS

The testimony apparently was
wholly irrelevant to the present Bal-
linger-Pinchot controversy and was
introduced to indicate that Ballin-
ger's conduct had been of doubtful
propriety long before he became land
commissioner.

The decision of Hanford relates to
the identical lands in question, and is
hailed with joy by the Pinchot ad-
herents as establishing the truth of
the Glavis charges as far as they
have been taken up by the commit-
tee.

PRESIDENT CHECKS DECLINE IN STOCKS

He Denies Drastic Action
Against Big Corporations

New York, Jan. 26.—President
Taft was forced to declare his atti-
tude toward the large interests in the
stock market to check a decline which
had reached proportions of a panic.

His denial of intention to take im-
mediate or drastic action against cor-
porations, especially steel, but is af-
ter the food trusts, restored the mar-
ket, but not until nearly all the lead-
ing stocks had suffered a slump.

There was an enormous volume of
stock hurried into the market and a
heartbreaking melting of prices. Wall
street saw the first semblance of
panic conditions since Nov. 21,
1907. The selling came from every-
where.

Thread Mills Strike Probably Off-
Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 28.—The
combined influence of the older op-
eratives and of several labor leaders
proved sufficient to obtain from the
striking backboys at the J. & P.
Coats, Ltd., thread mills, a half
promise to return to work Monday.

CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and
Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—
Was Unable to Go About—Home
Remedies and Professional Treat-
ment were Equally Unsuccessful.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got
in such a condition that I was unable to
go about. They were terribly inflamed,
both the balls and lids. I tried home
remedies without relief. Then I de-
cided to go to our family physician, but
he didn't help them. Then I tried two
more of our most prominent physicians,
but my eyes grew continually worse.
At this time a friend of mine advised
me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after
using it about one week my eyes were
considerably improved and in two weeks
they were almost well. They have
never given me any trouble since. I
was then sixty-three years old and am
now sixty-five. I shall never fail to
speak a word of praise for the Cuticura
Remedies when I have an opportunity,
and I trust that this letter may be the
means of others being cured as I have
been. O. B. Halsby, Mouth of Wilson,
Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring
Eczemas, Rashes

And other itching, burning, bleeding,
scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors
are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in
the majority of cases, by warm baths with
Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle
anointings with Cut-
icura Ointment, purest
and sweetest of emol-
lients to soothe and heal
the skin, and mild doc-
tor of Cuticura (liquid or pills),
to purify the blood. Guaranteed abso-
lutely pure and may be used from the
hour of birth.

Cuticura Soap (25c), Ointment (50c), Resolvent
(50c), and (Gentle) Cuticura Pills (25c), are sold
throughout the world. Dealers: London, W. C. Bar-
tholomew; New York, J. C. Rogers; San Francisco, J. C. Rogers;
Chicago, J. C. Rogers; Boston, J. C. Rogers; Philadelphia, J. C. Rogers;
St. Louis, J. C. Rogers; Portland, J. C. Rogers; Seattle, J. C. Rogers;
Tacoma, J. C. Rogers; Vancouver, J. C. Rogers; Victoria, J. C. Rogers;
San Francisco, J. C. Rogers; Portland, J. C. Rogers; Seattle, J. C. Rogers;
Tacoma, J. C. Rogers; Vancouver, J. C. Rogers; Victoria, J. C. Rogers;

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL \$3,000,000
SURPLUS 3,000,000

Deposits in our Participation (or Savings) Account
on or before February 15 draw interest from February
first.

Managers Newport Branch:

ANGUS McLEOD,
JENNIE M. McLEOD,
GEORGE R. CLARK,
H. AUDLEY CLARKE,

HENRY A. C. TAYLOR,
CURTIS E. BROWN,
OTIS EVERETT,
THOMAS F. PECKHAM.

Office with Newport Trust Co.,
303 Thames Street.

FOR CHRISTMAS!

We Have an Assortment of

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

IN OUR WINDOW,

MARKED DOWN TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

Broadway Postal Station,

174 BROADWAY.

S. S. THOMPSON.

SCHREIER'S

143 Thames Street

Great Bargain Sale From Now On In

MILLINERY

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Goods

TO BE SOLD FAR BELOW COST.

Ladies will do well to call and see the bargains we are offering.

Choice Selection of Millinery.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the
wick, strike a match, and be very
careful not to spill alcohol on the
table top.

With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the
switch. When this is done you can devote
all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HARRIS & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes,
if your spectacles are a great deal of trouble,
have it attended to at once by a competent
man. The prescription that were on your
lenses & Co. are now on file at my office
fine optical repairs of all kinds. Consult
prescriptions given personal attention.

113 SPRING STREET.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury
COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine
anything so beautiful as the angel in your
picture?
Artist—Got an engaged man to de-
scribe his fiancée to me.—Brooklyn
Life.

"Nice car." "Yes." "Is it the
latest thing in cars?" "I guess so; it
has never gotten me anywhere on time
yet."—Houston Post.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date
House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or
Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR
MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, \$1.50 up special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WILSON, Proprietor.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties
OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Count and the Manager

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THE way we got into the hotel business in the first place comes around like this: Me and Cap'n Jonadab went down to Wellmouth Port one day long in March to look at some property he'd had left him. Jonadab's Aunt Sophrony had moved kind of sudden from that village to Beulah Land—they're a good ways apart, too—and Cap'n Jonadab had come in for the old farm, he being the only near relative.

Great big old fashioned house with fourteen big bedrooms in it, big barn, sheds and one thing or 'nother and perched right on top of a hill with five or six acres of ground round it, and how the March wind did whoop in off the sea and howl and screech loneliness through the pine trees.

"Jonadab," says I, "what'll you take for your bedroom?"

"Well," he says, "Barzila, the way I feel now I think I'd take a return ticket to Orlam and be afraid of being took up for swindling at that."

Neither of us says nothing more for a spell, and, first thing you know, we heard a carriage rattling somewhere up the road. I was shipwrecked once and spent two days in a boat looking for a sail. When I heard that rattling I felt just the way I do now when I sighted the ship that picked us up.

"Judas!" says Jonadab. "There's somebody coming!"

He was a tall chap with a smooth face, kind of sharp and knowing.

"Cap'n Wilson?" he says to me, sticking out a gloved finger.

"Not guilty," says I. "There's the skipper. My name's Wingate."

"Glad to have the pleasure, Mr. Wingate," he says. "Cap'n Wilson, yours truly. My name's Brown—Peter T. Brown. I read about your falling here to this estate, Cap'n Wilson, in a New Bedford paper. I happened to be in New Bedford then, representing the John B. Wilkins 'Unparalleled All Star Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' company. It isn't my regular line, the show business, but it produced the necessary 'ham and every day' and the 'excellent sleep' in every night, so—But never mind that. Soon as I read the paper I came right down to look at the property. Having rubbered, back I go to Orlam."

Well, when he heaved anchor Jonadab had agreed to put up a thousand, and I was in for five hundred, and Peter contributed two hundred and fifty and experience and nerve. And the Old Home House was off the ways.

And by the 1st of May 'twas open and ready for business too. You never see such a driver as that feller Brown was. He had a new wide piazza built all round the main buildings, painted everything up fine, hired the three best women cooks in Wellmouth—and there's some good cooks on Cape Cod, too—and a half dozen chamber girls and waiters. He had some trouble getting corded beds and old bureaus for the empty rooms, but he got 'em finally. He bought the last bed of Beriah Burgess, up at East Harvill, and had quite a dicker getting it.

"He thought he ought to get \$5 for it," says Brown, telling Jonadab and me about it. "Said he hated to part with it because his grandmother died in it. I told him I couldn't see any good reason why I should pay more for a bed just because it had killed his grandmother, so we split up and called it \$3. 'Twas too much money, but we had to have it."

And the advertisements! They was sent everywhere. By the middle of April most of our money was gone, but every room in the house was let, and we had applications coming by the pailful.

And the folks that come had money too. They had to have to pay Brown's rates. I always felt like a robber or a Standard Oil director every time I looked at the books. The most of 'em was rich folks—self made men, just like Peter prophesied—and they brought their wives and daughters and slept on cornhusks and eat chowder and sold 'twas great and just like old times. And they got the rest we advertised. We didn't cheat 'em on rest.

There was one old chap that we'll call Dillaway—Ebenezer Dillaway. That wasn't his name. His real one's too well known to tell. He runs the "Dillaway combination stores" that are all over the country. In them stores he'll sell you a mowing machine and the grass seed to grow the hay to cut with it. He'll sell you a suit of clothes for \$2.25, and for 30 cents more he'll sell you glue enough to stick it together again after you've worn it out in the rain.

He come to the Old Home House with his daughter, and he took to the place right away. Said 'twas for all the world like where he used to live when he was a boy. He liked the grub and he liked the cornhusks and he liked Brown. Brown had a way of stealing a thing and yet paying enough for it to square the law—that hit Ebenezer where he lived.

His daughter liked Brown, too, and 'twas easy enough to see that Brown liked her. She was a mighty pretty girl, the kind Peter called a "queen," and the active manager took to her like a cat to a fish. They was together more'n half the time, gitting up sailing parties, or playing croquet, or setting up on the "Lover's Nest" which was a kind of slab summer house Brown had rigged up on the bluff where Aunt

Phoebe's piggins used to be in the old days. But all that was afore the count come aboard.

We got our first letter from the count about the 31 of June. The writing was all over the plate like a billed dinner, and the English looked like it had been shook up in a bag, but it was signed with a fine falloon, toggle-plaid made that would give a poli parrot the look and had the word "count" on the bow of it.

You never see a feller happier than Peter T. Brown.

"Can he have rooms?" says Peter. "Can he? Well, I should rise to educate. He can have the best there is if you truly has to bunk in the coop with the gaudy Plymouth flock. That's what! He says he's a count and he'll be advertised as a count from this place to where rolls the Oregon."

And he was too. The papers were full of how Count What's-his-name was laughing out at the Old Home House, and we got more letters from rich old women and pork pickling moneybags than you could shake a stick at. If you want to catch the free and equal nabob of a glorious republic, bait up with a little nobility and you'll have your salt wet in no time. We had to rig up rooms in the carriage house, and me and Jonadab slept in the haymow.

The count himself hove in sight on June 16. He was a little, snoked Italian man with a pair of legs that would have been carried away in a gale and a black mustache with waxed ends that you'd think would punch holes in the pillowcase. His talk was like his writing, only worse, but from the time his big trunk with the foreign labels was carried upstairs he was skipper and all hands of the Old Home House.

And the funny part of it was that old man Dillaway was as much gone on him as the rest. For a self made American article he was the worst gone on in this machine-made importation that ever you see. I s'pose when you've got more money than you can spend for straight goods you naturally go in for buying curiosities; I can't see no other reason.

Anyway, from the minute the count come over the side it was "Goodby, Peter." The foreigner was first out with the old man and general consort for the daughter. It worried Peter; you could see that. He's set in the barn with Jonadab and me, thinking, thinking, and all at once he'd bust out: "Bless that dog's heart! I haven't chuckled in with the degenerate aristocracy much in my time, but somewhere or other I've seen that chap before. Now, where—where—where?"

For the first two weeks the count paid his board like a major; then he let it slide. But Peter got blue and blue.

One night we was in the setting room—me and Jonadab and the count and Ebenezer. The "queen" and the rest of the boarders was abed.

The count was spinning a pigeon English yarn of how he'd fought a duel with raplers. When he'd finished old Dillaway pounded his knee and sung out:

"That's business! That's the way to fix 'em! No law suits, no argument, no delays. Just take 'em out and punch holes in 'em. Did you hear that, Brown?"

"Yes, I heard it," says Peter, kind of absentminded like. "Fighting with razors, wasn't it?"

"What-a-you say?" the count says, bending forwards.

"Mr. Brown was mistaken, that's all," says Dillaway. "He meant raplers."

"But why-a razors, why-a razors?" says the count.

Now, I was watching Brown's face, and all at once I see it light up like you'd turned a searchlight on it. He settled back in his chair and fetched a long breath as if he was satisfied. Then he grinned and begged pardon and talked a blue streak for the rest of the evening.

Next day he told Jonadab and me that he was going up to Boston that evening on business and wouldn't be back for a day or so.

He was back again three nights afterwards, and he come right out to the barn without going nigh the house. He had another feller with him, a kind of shabby dressed Italian man with curly hair.

"Fellers," he says to me and Jonadab, "this is my friend Mr. Macaroni. He's going to engineer the barber shop for awhile."

Peter done a lot of funny things too. Next day, one of 'em was to set a feller painting a side of the house by the count's window that didn't need painting at all. And when the feller quit for the night Brown told him to leave the ladder where 'twas.

That evening the same crowd was together in the setting room. Peter was as lively as a cricket, talking, talking, all the time. By and by he says: "Oh, say, I want you to see the new barber. He can shave anything from a note to a porkpie. Come in here, Cbantli!" he says, opening the door and calling out. "I want you."

And in come the new Italian man, smiling and bowing. Well, we laughed at Brown's talk and asked the Italian all kinds of fool questions, and nobody noticed that the count wasn't saying nothing. Pretty soon he gets up and says he guesses he'll go to his room, 'cause he feels sort of sick.

"Now, that's too bad," says Brown. "Spaghett, you needn't wait any longer."

So the other Italian went out too. And then Peter T. Brown turned loose and talked the way he done when me and Jonadab first met him. He just spread himself.

It was just about quarter past 1 and we was laughing our heads off at one of Brown's jokes when out under the back window there was a jingle and a thump and a kind of growling and wiggling noise.

"What on earth is that?" says Dillaway.

"I shouldn't be surprised," says Peter, cool as a mackerel on ice, "if that was his royal highness the count."

He took up the lamp and we all hurried outdoors and round the cor-

Sophrony's piggins used to be in the old days. But all that was afore the count come aboard.

We got our first letter from the count about the 31 of June. The writing was all over the plate like a billed dinner, and the English looked like it had been shook up in a bag, but it was signed with a fine falloon, toggle-plaid made that would give a poli parrot the look and had the word "count" on the bow of it.

You never see a feller happier than Peter T. Brown.

"Can he have rooms?" says Peter. "Can he? Well, I should rise to educate. He can have the best there is if you truly has to bunk in the coop with the gaudy Plymouth flock. That's what! He says he's a count and he'll be advertised as a count from this place to where rolls the Oregon."

And he was too. The papers were full of how Count What's-his-name was laughing out at the Old Home House, and we got more letters from rich old women and pork pickling moneybags than you could shake a stick at. If you want to catch the free and equal nabob of a glorious republic, bait up with a little nobility and you'll have your salt wet in no time. We had to rig up rooms in the carriage house, and me and Jonadab slept in the haymow.

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ner. And there, sure enough, was the count, sprawling on the ground with his leather satchel alongside of



"Why don't you take that thing of his foot?"

him, and his foot fast in a big steel trap that was hitched by a chain to the lower round of the ladder.

"Till, Cbantli," says Brown, "come here a minute! Here's your old college chum, the count, been and put his foot in it."

When the new barber showed up the count never made another move, just wilted like a morning glory after sunrise. But you never see a worse upset man than Ebenezer Dillaway.

"But what does this mean?" says he, kind of wild-like. "Why don't you take that thing off his foot?"

"Oh," says Peter, "he's been elongating my pedal extremity for the last month or so. I don't see why I should kick if he pulls his own for awhile. You see," he says, "it's this way:

"Ever since his grace condescended to lend the glory of his countenance to this humble roof," he says, "it's stuck in my mind that I'd seen the said countenance somewhere before. The other night it floated across me where I'd seen it. About a couple of years ago I was selling Dr. Bulger's Electric Liver Cure, the same being a sort of electric light for shady livers, so to speak. I made my headquarters at Scranton, and while there my hair was shortened and my chin smoothed in a neat but gaudy barber shop presided over by my friend Spaghett here and my equally valued friend the count."

"So," says Peter, smiling and cool as ever, "when it all came back to me, as the song says, I journeyed to Scranton accompanied by a photograph of his lordship. I was lucky enough to find Macaroni in the same old shop. He knew the count's classic profile at once. It seems his majesty had hit up the lottery a short time previous for a few hundred and had given up barbering. I suppose he'd read in the papers that the imitation count line was stylish and profitable, and so he tried it on. It may be," says Brown offhand, "that he thought he might marry some rich girl. There's some fool fathers, judging by the papers, that are willing to sell their daughters for the proper kind of tag on a package like him."

Old man Dillaway kind of made a face as if he'd said something that tasted bad, but he didn't speak.

"And so," says Peter, "Spaghett and I came to the Old Home together, he to shave for twelve per and I to set traps. I left the ladder by his grace's window, thinking he might find it handy after he'd seen his friend of other days, particularly as the back door was locked."

The next day there was a nobleman missing at the Old Home House, and all we had to remember him by was a trunkful of bricks. And Peter T. Brown and the "queen" was roosting in the Lover's Nest, and the new Italian was busy in the barber shop. He could shave too. He shaved me without a pull, and my face ain't no plush softy, neither.

And before the season was over the engagement was announced. Old Dillaway took it pretty well, considering. He liked Peter, and his having no money to speak of didn't count, because Ebenezer had enough for all hands. The old man said he'd been hoping for a son-in-law sharp enough to run the Consolidated stores after he was gone, and it looked, he said, as if he'd found him.

Sense of Danger.

Dr. Walden of London holds that people should develop a sixth sense to inform them of the approach of danger in the streets. Lafayette Hearn once said: "While in a crowd I seldom look at faces." My intuition is almost infallible, like that blind faculty by which in absolute darkness one becomes aware of the proximity of bulky objects without touching them. If I hesitate to obey it a collision is the inevitable consequence. What pilots one quickly and safely through a thick press is not conscious observation at all, but unreasoning intuitive perception."

A Sight Worth Paying For.

The cab, drawn by a weary looking horse, came to a standstill opposite a public house. As the driver was preparing to descend a small boy ran up with, "Old yer 'orse, guv'nor?"

"Old yer 'orse? Look 'ere, my lad. Ab'll give yer a bob, if it runs away."

Manchester Guardian.

His Contribution.

"Have you ever done anything for the good of the community?" asked the solid citizen.

"Yes," replied the weary wayfarer; "I've just done thirty days."—Philadelphia Record.

The Other Half.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No. That is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

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THE SKIPPER'S WHITE LIE.

What Happened at Night and What the Passenger Was Told.

It was a dirty night, to use a sailor's phrase, and the talk in one corner of the smoking room drifted to events at sea and the chubbly faith that passengers repose in navigators.

Said the scientist who had been collecting specimens on a coral reef:

"I've often heard men and women say they felt so safe with Captain So-and-so, and I've wondered, too, whether their sense of security would still be retained if these favored travelers knew exactly what happened on shipboard during a voyage. For my own part, I have more confidence than ever in a captain of my acquaintance since I learned that he could tell a white lie when it was necessary to calm the fears of a nervous traveler. It so happened that one foggy night I was awakened by the sudden stoppage and reversal of the engines. I jumped out of my bunk, went on deck and was told by the second officer that we had had a narrow squeeze. It appeared that we had nearly run down a schooner as she stealthily crossed our bows and disappeared into the haze.

"Next morning a woman passenger who sat at the captain's table asked him whether the engines had been stopped and reversed, and he replied: 'Yes; we sometimes do this to test the engineer's watch and see if our machinery is in proper order. We do it at night so as to create no excitement.' Then he got the woman to describe what she had heard and asked her: 'Did you find much time between the stopping and reversing?'

"No," she replied.

"Then," said the skipper, 'that showed how well everything was working, did it not?'

"When I got the skipper's ear I told him confidentially that I didn't think the schooner's engines had worked as well as ours, and he remarked that it might have been worse. Whether he meant the lie or the incident I didn't inquire, but I suspect it wasn't the lie."—New York Post.

Law of Gravity Violated.

Conditions Under Which Water Actually Flows Upward.

"Water seeks its level" is an expression heard so frequently as to be almost trite, and yet the law has its exceptions. There are conditions under which water actually flows upward and rises above its source. If a glass tube be dipped into water the column inside will be above the level of the surrounding surface. Moreover, if a tube of half the diameter be substituted the column doubles its height. The water creeps along the inside of the tube, owing to the adhesion, and forms a cup shaped depression at the top.

An explanation is not difficult. It can be proved mathematically that if the diameter of a circle be diminished one-half the circumference is also reduced to that extent, while the area is one-fourth of its former value. The circumference of the column of water being reduced one-half, its contact with the glass, and hence the adhesive force, is also diminished to that extent, while the cross section, and hence, the weight, is decreased to a fourth of what it was before. Therefore the second column can be twice the height of the first without exceeding the lifting power.

Remarkable as the underlying principles of this phenomenon undoubtedly are, nature made use of them long before man made their discovery. Every tree and flower adds its testimony. The core of a tree or plant, instead of being a single open channel, consists of a spongelike substance containing many minute tunnels, through which the sap and moisture collected by the roots flow upward in small rivulets, rising higher and higher in sheer defiance of the great law of gravity.—St. Louis Republic.

The Very Latest.

"Nice car."

"Yes."

"Is it the latest thing in cars?"

"I guess so. It has never got me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the flujams!—Smart Set.

Had to Do It.

Champ Clark was showing a constituent about the capitol one day when he invited attention to a solemn faced individual just entering a committee room.

"See that chap?" asked Clark. "He reads every one of the speeches delivered in the house."

"What?" gasped the constituent.

"Fact," said Clark. "Reads every word of 'em too!"

"Who is he?" queried the visitor, regarding the phenomenon closely.

"A proofreader at the government printing office," explained Champ.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Easy Numismatist.

Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man. Howard Husher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession. Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist? Howard Husher—Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Advice and a Mule.

"Givin' some men advice," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of tryin' a fence rail. It tries out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real difference."—Washington Star.

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Not Serious.

"Queer case, that of the Washington lawyer who used a roll of bills to assault a customer."

"I should say so. Was the man much hurt?"

"No. Luckily, the roll contained nothing but small bills."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Recommendation.</

